Vol. II. Numb. 151.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday September 16th. to Wedneſday September 21ſt. 1709.

N. B. WHereas ſome complain in St. *James's, Weſtminſter*, &c. that they receive their Papers late, which is occaſion'd by the Numbers our Servants deliver, to remedy which (when the Gentry are more come to Town) we deſign to make another Diviſion. Whereas alſo ſome Letters have been loſt, occaſion'd by ſuch Quantities deliver'd at a few Places, likewiſe Queſtions daily ſent which have been anſwer'd, to prevent which trouble to the Senders and our ſelves, we are preparing Indexes fix'd on Boards, to be plac'd at the Principal Coffee-houſes (which we ſhall conſtantly publiſh) to the end the Neighbourhood may reſort thither, to ſee if their Queſtions are anſwer'd, where alſo Letters will be taken in.

Q. *In* Jeremiah 22. 30. *we read of* Coniah (*or* Jeconias) thus ſaith the Lord, write ye this Man Childleſs; a man, that ſhall not Proſper in his days. But if *Jeconias* had *no Children, as thoſe words ſeem to foretel that he ſhou'd have none, how doth this agree with* Mat. 1. 12. *where it is expreſsly ſaid that* Jeconias begat Salathiel.

A. That Paſſage in the Prophet *Jeremy* has prevail'd upon ſome to believe, that this Genealogy in St. *Matthew* is not a Genealogy of Natural Derivation, but of Succeſſion only; and that *Salathiel* is therefore ſaid to be Begotten of *Jeconias*, becauſe he was his next Succeſſor in the Government. But this Opinion cannot be admitted for the following Reaſons.

1. The Original word in *Greek*, ἐγέννησε, *Begat*, is never us'd in any Author, whether Sacred or Profane, in any other Senſe than that of Natural Generation. And therefore it is not to be ſuppos'd, that St. *Matthew* wou'd uſe the word in ſuch a Strain'd and Unuſual Senſe.

2. In 1 *Chron.* 3. *Salathiel* is call'd the Son of *Jeconiah*. And that that is a Genealogy of Natural Derivation, and not of Succeſſion only, is evident from hence, namely, in that it mentions not only the Eldeſt Son, who ſucceeded his Father in the Government, but alſo his other Children, in caſe he had any. And therefore not only *Salathiel*, but his Brother *Aſſir* is recorded alſo.

3. The Prophet *Jeremy* himſelf in the Verſe by one preceeding the forementionꝰd Paſſage, Plainly acquaints us, that *Jeremiah* Died not without Iſſue. *Is this Man* Coniah (*or* Jeconiah) *a deſpis'd, broken Idol? Is he a Veſſel, wherein is no Pleaſure? Wherefore are They caſt out, He and his Seed, and are caſt into a Land, wherein they know not?*

4. In the very words ſucceeding the Paſſage mentionꝰd in the Queſtion the Prophet very clearly intimates the foreſaid Truth, namely, that *Jeconiah* Died not Childleſs. *No Man of his Seed ſhall proſper, ſitting upon the Throne of David, or Ruling any more in Judah.* Where it is plainly implied, that *Jeconiah* ſhou'd indeed have Children, but thoſe Unhappy and Unproſperous.

From the two laſt Reaſons it is Evident, not only that St. *Matthew*'s Genealogy is a Genealogy of Natural Derivation, and not of Regal Succeſſion, but alſo that the Prophet is to be Reconcil'd to Himſelf as well as to St. *Matthew*. But that he is fairly reconcileable to Himſelf, we ſhall readily perceive, if we obſerve the Context. For the laſt recited words are added as the Explanation of that Curſe denounc'd, *Write this Man Childleſs*, as we cannot chuſe but allow, if we read the whole Verſe together. *Thus ſaith the Lord, Write ye this Man Childleſs, a Man, that ſhall not Proſper in his days: For no Man of his Seed ſhall Proſper, ſitting upon the Throne of David, and Ruling any more in Judah.* Where the Prophet, as his own Expoſitor informs the Reader, that *Jeconiah* ſhou'd be therefore Childleſs, becauſe his Iſſue wou'd be of no manner of advantage to him; becauſe he ſhou'd receive no more Comfort or Satisfaction from his Unfortunate, his Afflicted, his Captive Children, than if he were Entirely Void of what is generally a *Bleſſing, that cometh of the Lord*, tho' to Him a Curſe; than if he were Entirely Childleſs.

Q. *Gentlemen, You are deſir'd to Solve the following Queſtion, viz. How many Points on the Mariner's Compaſs are properly ſaid to be Contain'd, between North by Eaſt and North by Weſt, Your ſpeedy Anſwer (a Wager depending thereon) is Earneſtly deſir'd by your Subſcriber and Humble Servant*, &c.

A. There are 29 Points, which may properly be ſaid to be contain'd between North by Eaſt and North by Weſt. For tho' one way there is but one Point between them, namely, that of full North, yet ſince the Wager depends upon Propriety of Speech, the Uſual Order of the Compaſs muſt be follow'd.

Q. *Whether that Paſſage in* Eccl. 1. 4. *which in the* Latin *Tranſlation is thus,* Terra in Eternum Stat, *The Earth ſtandeth for ever, be not at once contrary tothe Copernican Motion of the Earth, and it's General Conflagration.*

A. The Word *Stat*, or *Standeth*, is not oppos'd to Motion but Corruption, which conſiſts indeed in Motion (for Motion is the foundation of both Generation and Corruption) but not that Species or kind of Motion, which is the preſent Subject of debate. And therefore it is rendred in our Tranſlation, *the Earth Abideth for ever.* And that this is the Intention of the Preacher is plain and Evident from the Context; *one Generation paſſeth away, and another Generation cometh; but the Earth Abideth for ever* That is, tho' the Inhabitants of the Earth Periſh and are ſucceeded by other Periſhable Inhabitants, yet the Earth it ſelf Continueth for ever.

As for that Expreſſion for ever, it is not to be here underſtood in a Strict Senſe, as importing Eternity, but in a looſer Senſe as implying a long Continuance. And this uſage of the Phraſe is common to both Sacred and Profane Writers. And the Compariſon made uſe of by the Preacher more particularly Juſtifies His uſage of it, ſince the World continues ſo much longer than a Single Generation, as being Commenſurate to ſo great a Number of Succeſſive Generations. In the Old Teſtament it is Propheſied, that the Moſaick Law ſhou'd endure for ever. Hence the *Jews* argue for the Eternity of that Law, and therefore Condemn Chriſtianity, which We Chriſtians affirm to have Aboliſh'd it. But they are very Unhappy in this Argument, ſince that very Law uſes the Expreſſion in the forementionid Looſer Senſe. For there a Servant, who cou'd not be releas'd till the next great Jubilee or Expiration of fifty Years, is ſaid to be a Servant for ever. Nay, and that too, tho' near the Expiration of the forementionid Term.

Q. *Can a Cypher be call'd Number?*

A. An (0) or a Cypher is a mere nothing, and therefore cannot be call'd number, unleſs we will ſay, that Number is nothing. But the reaſon, why ſome are ready to embrace a Contrary Opinion, is, becauſe the Value of the Nine Numerical Figures is advanc'd in Proportion to the Number of Additional Cyphers. But if we examin the Matter, we ſhall readily perceive, that this will no ways vindicate their Conceit. For in the Number (20) the Figure (2) implies the Twenty. For the Cypher does no more than by occupying the firſt place plainly ſhew, that the (2) is in the ſecond place. And ſince the ſecond place is the place of Tens, the (2) in that place muſt conſequently imply two Tens, that is, Twenty. And therefore it wou'd import the ſame, were no Cypher added, were we any otherwiſe made acquainted, that the (2) is in the ſecond place. But ſince we cannot know, in what place any Figure is, without the Uſe of the Cypher or ſome other Mark Equivalent to it, the Cypher was pitch'd upon as a Mark or Sign as convenient as any to that purpoſe. And therefore in the Number (20000) the Cyphers occupying the four firſt places are no more than proper Indices to ſhew, that the Figure (2) is in the fifth place, which is the place of Tens of Thouſands. Whence the (2) ſignifies Two Tens of Thouſands, that is, Twenty Thouſands.

Q. *Gentlemen, One, that peruſes your Paper very much, hath laid a Wager with me, that Rabits when they go a grazing in the Night go up the Wind; and by reaſon we cannot decide it, we deſire your Opinion in the Matter.*

A. We have heard it often confirm'd, and ſuppoſe the Reaſon may be, that a Natural Inſtinct inclines them to it, to avoid purſuit, when they return, by Tracts they may leave behind them in the Air.

Q. Apollo *is very Complaiſant, but my Cave is near the Petrifying Waters, and by often looking in them I am grown hard, that I can hear abundance of fine things ſaid, and make no Impreſſion; and tho' I fear no Deluſion, I won't appear in a World, that will ſoon take me to pieces, She would be a pretty Woman, but——She has a fine Complexion but——She has Wit, but——She looks Modeſt, but——or I might have too many Airs with my Fan, and ſet the* Tatler *a prating; and if I ſhould Chance to pleaſe, I ſhould be Toaſt'd about, till they Toaſted away my Reputation——no my* Apollo, *be more my Friend, and let me lye in Retirement, and tell me you'll be my Inviſible Love, which is all I ask or you muſt expect from Your Admiring* Eccho.

A Madam, To live conceal'd from the Apprehenſions of occurring Injuries abroad, is ſomething like the exploded Roman Courage, to dye becauſe they were afraid to live. Vertue but dimly ſhines 'till put to the Teſt, 'tis oppoſition gives it Luſter, What ever for a while it endures, like the Palm it riſes under oppreſſion, and is always Victorious in the End, and then alone it is, that we ſet the firſt Principal Value on it. But we ſpeak this only in reference to the Benefits, the reſt of the World might reap by your ſhining out: As to our ſelves, it may be to our advantage, that all the Querifts of the Fair Sex remain Inviſible to us, leſt their Perſonal Charms ſhou'd divert us from reflecting on thoſe of their Minds, therefore never ſhall tempt you to decline the Reſolutions you have taken, in regard to our ſelves, but will embrace all Opportunities to pleaſure your Retirement.

Q. *Gentlemen,* The Female Tatler *lately reflected, that the Chief Coffee-houſes had left off your Paper, but (after a Challenge for Diſcovery) he only poorly fix'd on thoſe about* Guild hall. *However, I was ſo curious, as to examin whether that was true, and find not one thereabouts has left it, from the firſt, nay, ſome take in two. I admire he can be ſo ridiculous as to publiſh what every one can refute. I have found alſo upon Examination, that as abſurd was his Reflection, that thoſe of the beſt Condition had left off, whereas Numbers I hear continually are added, inſomuch that a Gentleman of Univerſal Acquaintance aſſur'd me, that upon ſearch he found Ten Subſcribers amongſt thoſe to You, to one that ever heard of his Paper, and that thoſe few had thrown it off, for ſtuffing it up with Tales of* Covent Garden, *Apple-women, Beargarden Stuff,* Southwark *Oxcheek Women, Cryers Harangues,* &c.

A. Sir, we ſhou'd ſuffer in all People's Judgments, if we had the leaſt regard to his Falſities, Abſurdities and Contractions.

POEMS.

Q YE *Genuine Offspring of the Deity,*
Whoſe Souls are all Compos'd of Harmony,
Whom Pallas *and* Apollo *both inſpire,*
With ſoft Effluviums of Seraphick Fire,
And knowlege in all Arts and Science, ſay,
When Shades of Night expel departing Day,

Why Muſick then ſo Charms the Liſt'ning Ear,
That we cou'd wiſh, we might for ever hear?

A. Ten Thouſand Diſcord-Notes in Buſy Day
Encounter, like the Noiſes in a Fray;
But when an Univerſal *Huſh* goes round,
And nought oppoſes the Melodious Sound,
Then 'tis th' Harmonious Strains their Charms diſ- (penſe,
Then 'tis they Reign, and Captivate the Senſe;
When all their Inmoſt Parts diſtinguiſh'd are,
With all the juſt Proportions which they bear;
Like Nature's Deſtin'd Courſe, without Controul,
They force their way, and yet they ſmoothly roll,
And raiſe t' extatick Joy the Raptur'd Soul.

Q. *I was ſurprized, Gentlemen, to find t'other day in your* Apollo, No. 18. Vol. 2d. *a Queſtion inſerted, where ſome body Perſonates* Damon (*for I can't believe him ſo Jealous*) *I think it begins* Liberia's grac'd, &c.——*Your Anſwer condemns me by wholeſale. Pray, Gentlemen, do me the Juſtice to Publiſh the following, I am ſenſible the Numbers are but harſh, and the Thoughts too low to deſerve your Notice, otherwiſe than as they are a Vindication of Injur'd* Liberia.

Too Partial, Phœbus! *muſt we all partake*
Thy keen Revenge for cruel Daphne's *ſake?*
She fled thy Love, but never did we hear,
The Nymph or Perjur'd was or Unſincere.
Why doſt thou then our harmleſs Sex accuſe,
Since yours our weak indulgence oft abuſe?
With gentle Sighs, warm Vows, deluding Lies,
And the gay Rhetorick of bewitching Eyes.
You wander thro' the Soul, you firſt enſnare,
And leave us laſt abandon'd to deſpair.
This well I knew, and thence reſolv'd to prove
The real Truth of Damon's *proffer'd Love.*
For once before on Hemſtidila's *Plain,*
I undeſign'dly pleas'd a Neighb'rin Swain,
Who vow'd Eternal Love, Sincere Deſire,
And only beg'd Permiſſion to Admire;
His Anxious Pleadings did my Pity move,
Tho' ſtill my Breaſt was uninſpir'd with Love:
Yet he miſtaken, deem'd his Prey ſecure,
Decoy'd and Snar'd by his deceitful Lure,
Thence cold reſerves th' ingrateful Youth begun,
And left the Prize he fancy'd quickly won.
Thus forewarn'd, my inward Flame conceal'd,
When Damon *firſt his Soft Deſires reveal'd.*
I led the Lover to a doubtful Maze,
And try'd his Paſſion by a Thouſand Ways.
But now, O now! With Mutual Joys we move
Round the Bright Region of Platonick Love.
When trembling Needles leave the Northern Pole,
When pointed Flames no longer upward roll.
When Silver Iſis *quits her wonted Shore,*
When Nature's all untun'd, I'll Love no more.
Liberia.

A. Nature's moſt dark Receſſes open lye,
To Penetration of th' exploring Eye;
Occult *Phenomena's* are brought to light,
And render'd obv'ous to the Naked Sight,
But who, alas! The Labyrinths can find,
And wild Meanders of a Lady's Mind?
Lov'd and *Forſaken* the diſtreſſed Swain,
We (pitying) heard Alternately complain;
That Fair *Liberia* own'd her *Flames anew,*
Yet muſt to *former Vows* continue *True*;
True to the firſt, yet to Poſterior move,
Conſtant to one, and yet another *Love.*
Then be it ſo——If *Damon's* Heart is eas'd,
Crown'd with Succeſs, and Fair *Liberia* pleas'd,
By what Myſterious Charms th' Effects are wrought
Shall never fill us with an Anxious Thought.
May both your Loves with mutual Joys be
And one perpetual Jubile go round; (Crown'd,
When Æther ſinks, and weight the Center flies,
When Light conceals, and Darkneſs guides our Eyes,
When this Terreſtial Globe gives Laws to Heav'n,
Then Ceaſe your Loves, but never Ceaſe till then.

To the Gentlemen of the Britiſh Apollo.

Apollo's Offspring leave to tune,
Bright Anſwers to a dull Lampoon,
The ſordid * Wretch hath met his Fate, * *Female Tatler.*
Hath met an Univerſal Hate.
All from his foul Infection run,
All like the Plague his Converſe ſhun.
As bloated Toads by Poyſon thrive,
Such Miſcreants ſo on Scandal Live;
A loath'd and an abhor'd Offence,
To Vertue and to Innocence.
The *Fair* are ſtartled at his Name,
And fly his Sight as endleſs Shame;
His Malice and his Forgeries,
And all his complicated Lies,
A Monſter have expos'd him, while,
His very Look and Touch defile.
A Vert'ous Wife, or blooming Maid,
If once to his Converſe betray'd;
They're Leproſy'd with Scandal ſoon,
And blaſted by the baſe Buffoon.
But ſome there are far worſer us'd,
And more ſubſtantially abus'd,
They're thoſe He flatters, who e'er after,
Become thereon the whole Town's Laughter,
And juſtly are eſteem'd the worſt,
Since with his *Approbation* Curs'd.
Let him his Dunghills rake, whilſt You
Far nobler Images purſue;
Teach *Science* to the World, and Arts
In all their Celebrated Parts,
Your Glorious Names ſhall never be forgot,
When his ſhall *Stink* and in *Oblivion Rot.*

Rob. Howard.

In *Fryday'* Paper, Col. 8. L. 38. after *Poetry* add *do.*

SIR,

SIR,

THE Letters from Basil, Sept. 15th advise, that the Imperialists who are about Annecy, made on the 12th a great Forage towards Chamberi, that the French Army under the Command of the M. Duke of Berwick, suffer great want; that the said Duke has forbidden the Inhabitants of the Pais de Gex to carry any Provisions to the Markets of Geneva, pretending that the Suttlers of the Army of the Allies supply'd themselves at Geneva. They write from Genoa Sept. 7th. that by a Bark arrived there from Palermo, they are Inform'd, that the Inhabitants of that City earnestly wish for the Arrival of a Squadron of the Allies, that they may declare for their Lawful Soveraign King Charles; that 22 Privateers from the Coasts of the Kingdom of Naples are Cruising in the Seas of Sicily, and sometimes take Vessels out of their very Harbours: That on the 14th arriv'd there a Catalonian Vessel from Felix in 5 Days, which is not far from Barcelona, the Master reports, that Sir Edward Whitaker with his Squadron was Bombarding Roses, which had oblig'd the Duke de Noailles to March back for it's Security, and lay aside his design of besieging Girone. 'Tis advis'd from the Hague Sept. 24th. that they have no true account, as yet, of the Lois sustain'd by the Allies in the late Battle except the List publish'd by order of the States of the kill'd and wounded of the 30 Battalions of their Forces: That according to the Advices from Brussels, the Artillery & Ammunition design'd for the Siege of Mons was to set out that Morning, that the Next Letters from Spain are impatiently expected, by reason there is advice from Paris, that there has been a Battle on the Frontiers of Arragon, of which they give no Particulars. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

Apollo's Groom and Francis.

Groom, *BY thy famish'd In-side and tatter'd Out side, thou shou'dst be* Crackenthorpe's alias B-r's *Man* Francis.

Francis, The same, and how shou'd it be otherwise, I have just left my Master regaling himself on a black Pudden, for which he gave a Chandler two Pounds weight of *Tatlers*. The Hawkers bring such Loads back, that there is hopes he may eat yet, if the Printer holds stanch in his Faith.

Gr. *Prithee, what meant thy Master, to fill an whole Paper last Friday with a tedious, dull ——I know not what to call it, for 'tis neither Panegyrick, Satyr, Novel or History?*

Fra. Were you as short kept as I am, your Apprehension wou'd be quicker; did he not in *No.* 28. beg of the Town to send him any thing real or *FICTITIOUS*, or that had the *LEAST HINT* for Improvement, was not this an Indication he was pump'd dry?

Gr. *That's to say, he would publish the grossest* Lie *sent him, with Improvement.*

Fra. Exactly his Talent, he has no tast in it's opposite.

Gr. *The truth is, 'tis impossible for any Man to fill three Papers a Week with Characters, except he takes things on trust; but to blast a Gentleman's Reputation on every account may be sent by a Rascal, the World will call———*

Fra. Villany perhaps——alas! if he were not prepar'd to stand buff against such Assaults he had never begun his fine Project of———

Gr. *Raking in Dunghills, or what is baser in Scandal and Ignominy.*

Fra. Where he may have as fair a Chance as Gold-finders.

Gr. *With a broken Pate perhaps.*

Fra. 'Tis a solid one, and they must strike hard; but a Man may live longer on a Bit and Knock, than a Compliment and Nothing.

Gr. *What Maggot took him to turn Cryer of an Ass lost by* Apollo?

Fra. Don't affront one of his finest Thoughts; first, he had an Opportunity of shewing his Parts and Learning, by expressing himself in the most proper Terms of a Cryer. 2dly, which by chance may get him a Groat that way, but the last was a notable fetch. He was conscious the whole Town wou'd witness *Himself* was *Apollo's* Ass, since it is notorious he has made him one, and by consequence he shou'd be brought home to him, and thereby mend his Commons.

Gr. *But the Town is surpriz'd to find such a* Grub-street *Poetaster set up for a Critick, yet expose his dullness, in such Rumbling Lines on a soft Subject.*

'Stead of his Loss now mourns her own,
With Tears no Nymph can feign.

Which run as smooth (made up all of Monosyllables) as He shew when his thick Scull was rapt,
Such Grief no Man cou'd feign.

Fra. 'Tis a foolish Town to be surpriz'd at the noise of an empty Tub: They'll change their Opinion when they know the depth of his Design. You must understand he is conscious that his Brightest Qualification is to mimick an old deform'd Ballad-singer and his Trull, or *B---r* and *Crackenthorpe* in Parts. Now, finding his Paper every where exploded, being forc'd to draul out every Tale with unsufferable Prolixity, for want of Furniture within and Furniture from without, & going in perpetual Danger, having seven Years practis'd that excellent piece of Mimickry, he designs to set up for himself, and offer'd that Ditty to the World, as a Taste of what's to follow

Gr. *If he Mimicks that no better than he does the fine Lady at her Toilet, by bringing her to speak* Bear-garden, *then Crying O Yes, his Ditties will be as much contemn'd by the Mob, as his Forterly Lampoons are by Men of Taste. But of this and more hereafter, for I believe I have ten times more notes sent me on him (so dearly he's belov'd) than he has on all the Town beside.*

All are desired to direct their Letters (Superscrib'd for the *British Apollo*) to be left at Mr. *Carters*, at the *Rose* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, at Mr. *Bickerton's*, at the *Rose* and *Crown* in *Little Britain*, or at the Printers hereof; either with Questions, Subscriptions, or for Indexes to our first Volume, which contains between 2 and 3000 Answers to Questions, for we shall not take notice of such Questions again as have been answer'd therein. Our Rates are, 2 *s.* *per* Quarter for the Weekly. 2 *s.* 6 *d*, with the Monthly, and the Quarterly Books 6 *d.* apiece. Those who come in within the Quarter, to pay at Quarter-day 1 *d.* apiece for each they have had. No Questions out of the Country will be answer'd but where the Postage is paid.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

THese are to certify, that I *Elizabeth Wild*, living in *Bell-Alley* in *Goswell-Street*, having lost the Sight of one of my Eyes for the space of 23 Years, notwithstanding all Endeavours to Recover it, 'till hearing of the many Cures Perform'd by Mr. *Grant*, OCULIST, I made my Application to him; who thro' the Blessing of God Couch'd the *Cataract*, and restor'd me to Sight without any considerable Pain or Confinement. To the Truth of which I am ready to make Oath, as witness my Hand this 8th Day of *February*. *Elizabeth Wild.*

THE most immediate Cure for the Tooth-ach known, which not only instantly eases but prevent it's return, by only snuffing a few Drops up the Nostrils; it's Effects are so certain, and the Ease it gives so quick and stupendious that every one will admire at it, it being impossible for any thing in the world to cure sooner, and is the best Remedy to prevent and cure defluxions of Rheum which falls upon the Teeth and Gums, fretting and rotting them, as what is generally call'd the Scurvy in the Gums. Is sold at Mr. *Spooners* at the *Golden Half Moon* in *Lemon-Street Goodman's-Fields*, Price 2 *s.* 6 *d.* a Bottle with Directions, being enough to Cure 50 People.

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